MAN HUNT TO TEST GERMAN POLICE DOGS HERE

"Treed"

"Caught"

A Typical Specimen of the German Shepherd Dog.

The Police Officer May Take His Own Time to Arrest His Man.

Facing His Death.

The Dog Seizes the Pistol Arm.

Newest Allies of the Law to Give Demonstration of Their Ability at Van Cortlandt Park on Saturday

UNDER the auspices of the German Shepherd Dog Club of America German shepherd dogs will demonstrate what they can do at Van Cortlandt Park on Saturday next. The German and German American dogs which will take part in the exercises have been specially trained for police and military purposes and some of them have been used in the arrest of criminals of the worst class in Europe and America. There will be no charges for witnessing these tests and it is expected that municipal officials of New York and other cities will be present. Several men will pose as runaway criminals for the dogs to hunt. They will wear padded clothes so that they may not come to serious harm unless the runaway overacts his part.

The police dog has become part and parcel of the machinery for enforcing law and order in Germany, France and Belgium. In Germany there are 1,956 dogs attached to the Department of Police. Of this number 1,261 are German shepherd dogs. This breed of dog is a dog of sense and bravery, and one that can be depended on.

German dogs are the best trained. The same disciplinary methods which are the principal part of the education of the German himself have been applied to the training of the dogs.

It is only five years since the first German shepherd dog was introduced into the United States. Now there are hundreds here and trained dogs are being imported in batches of five to ten. They are reaching some of the wealthiest men in the country. Puppies six weeks old are selling at $125 each. They are ordered before they are born, where their parents are known to be trained dogs.

The German Shepherd Dog Club (Germany) has 5,400 members, and a special stud book was issued recently which contained a list of 47,000 identified or named dogs. At the head of this institution is Max von Stephanitz of Grafrath, author of a 400 page book, "Der deutsche Schaeferhund in Wort und Bild." Eight years ago Herr von Stephanitz put the claims of his favorite dog before the Police Department of Berlin, and 1,261 dogs of this breed are now in the service of the German police.

Police dog demonstrations are becoming a sort of national sport or pastime. There is keen competition between the civil and military forces in Europe for the possession of the better dogs. Therefore advanced methods of training are used and the animals respond fully. Dogs such as these will be seen at Van Cortlandt Park.

It is fast becoming the custom in Europe for police and military authorities to provide themselves with trained dogs, and there are individuals who keep up large kennels and place them at the disposal of the police. Baron Henry de Rothschild has a kennel of thirty-five trained dogs near Paris, and when the police require them he places them at the service of the department. But after all that is a poor way of utilizing police dogs. It is realized that the police dog should not be at the beck and call of every one.

Among other owners of well trained police and military shepherd dogs is the Crown Prince of Germany. Frank Spiekermann of Greenwich, Conn., who is the owner of several of these trained dogs, was in Berlin recently. In the Opera House Place he watched an array of troops which was assembled. Vast crowds looked on admiringly at the pick of the Kaiser's army. The people were inclined to press on the parade ground, and it occurred to a high official to call out one of the Crown Prince's dogs and let him accomplish the work usually assigned to mounted men. The dog was put to his task and the masses of people fell back as the trained dog coursed up and down their front and kept the ground clear.

Dogs kept in the outskirts of New York city have contributed largely to guarding their owners from the inroads of burglars. Before the advent of police dogs the people of Glen Ridge, N. J., were sorely tried and puzzled over a series of robberies after which all the robbers got away. Since the dogs have been at hand there have been two burglaries, and in each case the thief was captured.

If police dogs are known to be in the possession of either officials or civilians the very fact is a deterrent to the would-be perpetrators of crime. "Beware of Man Traps" has a sinister warning for the poacher and prowler. "Beware of Police Dogs" comes as a timely hint to the burglar. Criminals who have little fear of a policeman, although he is armed, are terribly afraid of an attack from wolflike dogs with fangs almost as long and strong as the big gray wild dog.

Among other owners and amateur trainers of German shepherd dogs for use as police dogs is Miss Anne Tracy of Highland Falls, N. Y. One of her dogs, Fee von Boll, will probably be among those at Van Cortlandt Park on Saturday. Miss Tracy with her dogs recently sought out a deranged woman who had been missing three days from her home on the Hudson. Fee von Boll picked up the trail and over hill and dale this modern huntress followed her dog until the woman was found starving and dying in a mountain cavern.

L. J. de Winter, one of the best trainers of these dogs in America, who has performed some wonderful feats with the aid of his dogs, will be one of the chief guides on Saturday. Benjamin H. Throop of Scranton, Pa., keeps up a large establishment, of which these shepherd police dogs form a most important part. His dogs are trained in the most approved manner. It is said that he gave $3,000 for Herta von Ehrengrund. It was Herta when in the charge of Mr. de Winter which picked up the trail of a man wanted for an atrocious crime near Trenton, N. J., and placed the criminal in the hands of the law.

Herta will be at Van Cortlandt Park on Saturday.

Another enthusiast of the German Shepherd Dog Club of America is Mrs. Eleanor W. Yates, Oak Ridge, Nelson county, Virginia. She is president of the club and, like Miss Tracy, is never weary of placing before the public the advantage of the association. William Newhoff of Harrington Park, N. J., is another owner. H. I. Baer, who came from Germany with some dogs about a year ago, is one of those in charge of the arrangements for the forthcoming demonstrations. He has been assisted by S. W. Ford, J. L. Volckman Clarke and other persons, who are all giving their time and the use of their dogs to show the people of New York the invaluable work done by well trained dogs against those who openly defy the law and preventing the escape of many of the worst class of criminals.

Intelligence of German Shepherd Dog Has Aroused Wide Interest in Breed in This Country and Europe

STAGE CAREER OF YOUNG WOMAN WRITER INSPIRES PLOT OF HER NEW NOVEL

Miss Marjorie Patterson Puts Her Own Experiences as Actress in Paris and London Into Book About to Be Published

Marriage or a Theatrical Career? Is the Problem Which She Sets for the Heroine of Her Romance to Solve

AS a glance at her photographs will testify, the appearance of Marjorie Patterson, whose novel of stage life will be issued August 28 as the fall leader of Henry Holt & Co., does not suggest the capacity for hard intellectual and physical work of which she has given proof. Miss Patterson, still in the early twenties, was the youngest authoress at the Woman Writers dinner in London last year, and though she has written a novel excellent enough to be featured at the top of a leading publisher's list, her writing has all been crammed into odd minutes snatched from a busy day. She has been winning success on the English stage, is extremely fond of social life and is a zealous follower of most outdoor sports.

Miss Patterson was born in Baltimore and comes from old American stock. On her mother's side she is the lineal descendant of Colonial Governor Thomas Dudley, Colonial Governor William Leete and of the brother of Colonial Governor Winslow—all of New England; while on her father's side she is descended from William Patterson and Thomas McKim of Maryland. She is a greatniece of Betsey Patterson, who, it will be remembered, married Jerome Bonaparte, the youngest brother of Napoleon. The marriage was nullified by the Emperor.

A few years ago, on the advice of David Belasco, Miss Patterson went to England to gain theatrical experience. She entered F. R. Benson's famous Shakespearian touring company, taking leading parts. She won conspicuous success last winter with Sir Herbert Beerbohm Tree at His Majesty's Theatre in "The Happy Island." It is significant that she is the only American who has played a lead at the Shakespearian festivals during the twenty years that Mr. Benson has conducted them. Miss Patterson has played there *Perdita*, *Anna Page*, *Princess Katherine* and *Viola*.

It is reported by one who is acquainted with Miss Patterson's career that her new novel, "The Dust of the Road," is for the most part autobiographical. The words of the heroine which make up the theme of the book, "I trust life and it's the way to get the best out of every one and every thing," might well be applied to the young actress-author herself. The heroine of the story, Tony, is a young American girl who invades England and in a Shakespearian touring company makes a fight for success without losing her sense of humor or her beloved dog, the solemn Samuel Pickwick.

In a particularly illuminating way, probably because of the autobiographical basis, many points are touched upon which will be read with interest in these days when the young daughters of families are bound to go forth and attack the world for themselves. The psychological study of a girl who finally determines on an open career; the effect of such a life upon her character and her temperament; the reaction of her activities upon her family, and the struggle that comes when she must decide between continuing her career or becoming a wife with its outlook of uneventful domesticity—all these points are treated in Miss Patterson's book.

There is an amusing account of how Tony broke the news of her stage ambitions to her father and stepmother—pillars of aristocracy and conventionality in their Virginia home.

"Father and stepmother, I'm going on the stage."

"Oscar!" shuddered Mrs. Meredith as though she had sat down on an asp.

Meredith never showed surprise. Tony's information simply caused him to slip down lower in his chair, one of his eyelids drooped and he emitted a hissing sound like the whistling of a whipcord.

"And why, may I ask?" he whispered in fine scorn. "Why does my daughter, a girl of independent means, of the best blood in America, feel called upon to prance before the public?"

"My poor Oscar!" his wife wailed. "Personally, I would rather see her dead."

"Dead! I would rather see her in penal servitude!" The veins on Oscar's forehead grew dark as he struggled to speak louder. "A Meredith exposing herself to be stared at for money!"

"My poor Oscar, your daughter is unbalanced. I have always known it. Love of notoriety," she moaned, "that's what it is. Oh, Antoinette! If I thought you were just like other people, I should call you a wicked, wicked girl."

"The girls of this generation," Oscar smiled bitterly, "do they care if they grace or disgrace the station that it has pleased God to call them to? Pooh! Not they! They have other things to think of. They have their careers, if you please!"

"She intends," whispered Oscar, wringing his long hands like a woman, "to use my name as a means of advertisment with theatrical directors."

"No, no, father. Your name couldn't help me."

Oscar looked at his wife wildly.

"Muriel!" he gasped. "Now she says my name couldn't help her."

"No, father, not to learn my business. I'm going away to work. I shall probably begin by playing a servant girl with a dirty face."

"And just to think," groaned Oscar, "that next winter she was to have made her debut!"

Tony describes the conservatoire—where Miss Patterson herself studied—and the routine there.

"Of course, you've passed the Conservatoire, a big, shabby building with something homelike about it, and high walls all around. A humming goes on in it all the day long, just like the buzzing of a hive, and the pupils for the grand opera drone do, re, mi, fa, sol, sol, fa, mi, re, do till it soothes one like a charm.

"I belonged to Mr. Leitner's class, an actor of the Comedie Francaise. He taught us elocution, stage moves and falls, how to read letters from uncles having lots of money, and how to meet lovers and see corpses on the floor—all the useful things.

"But an actress on the French system is trained to play one sort of part. She is perfected in one role—chatelaine, aventuriere, jeune premiere, heroine, grande coquette, demi-vierge, ingenue, amoureuse, tragedienne, femme du monde, femme galante—oh, I forget, there are at least a dozen more. Now, as you are

Miss Marjorie Patterson.

judged on one recitation only, you are often given the wrong work. They cast me for the enfant terrible because I've got a funny face. I came through all right, but I didn't like always being comic and saying improper things by mistake. Then the French have so many gestures—so many intonations that aren't natural to us. I wondered how much of their training was good for our theatre, and—well, of course the French stage is no Sunday school and no mistake. So I came away."

Tony had variety enough in her roles while she was working her way up in the road company, and Miss Patterson evidently considers that repertory work is the best training for the stage, as it develops versatility.

When Tony had to play a drunken, dirty cockney, she made up and then looked at herself in the glass with considerable satisfaction. "I ought to be dirtier, though," she cried, in the true spirit of the artist. "Perhaps the furnace man would give me a bit of black off the poker." Under the stage among the stored scenery Tony found the furnace man. "Lend me the poker," said she, "or that dirty shovel will do." He looked up at her and taking her in her sordid disguise for one of the charwomen, he swore at her. Some ten minutes later, when she made her first exit, bawling according to the text, "Go to 'ell," she came off on a large round, as theatrical parlance has it, very warm and breathless. While wiping her face on her apron:

"Lud," said she to whoever chose to listen to her, "it's a relief sometimes to get away from sweet parts. Come on with cherry lips and a white nose, and a college boy here and there will like you, to be sure. But that's not acting. No. Go on as I did now, with a face to stop a clock, and there's no vanity, no airs, between you and your work. You can feel the pulse of the house. You're just a poor, old, dirty bit of humanity, and all the gallery will take you to their hearts. You get at the core of the people."

Tony works her way resolutely and steadily to success, and then has to make up her mind whether or not she is going to relinquish it all for the man she loves. The details of the life as well as the psychological aspects of the story have been interestingly presented and will make very entertaining reading. Tony's brain fights the battle of her future.

"On the one hand was ranged happiness, love; on the other the mysterious, the obstinacy of purpose that nature bestows on the artist she has vowed to a certain vocation. Within Tony two voices argued, each expounding, protesting, supplicating. Suppose she married David, what then? She could continue her career as he is. Each should work for the other. She would take his name and between them they would make it famous. So spoke the advocate who pleaded in her heart. 'Have you forgotten, then,' said the voice of her brain, that cold, glib orator of reason, 'that the man to whom you mean to join your life, from whom you will need sympathy and support, thinks your art a poor thing and ranks an actress but little higher than a clown? Tell him of your work, you know the result. He yawns. Tell him of your ambitions, your unquenchable enthusiasms, and he pokes fun at the whole tribe of play actors, those monkey artists undermined by the vanity of strutting in public, those grown children who paint their faces and pretend to be some one they are not.' But love had a ready answer: I need never talk of my career, and he shall never know he hurts me by his contempt for my work. In time he will grow to respect the steady pluck it takes to make an actress. 'You will be two selves then,' prompted ambition, insidious, persistent, 'the woman who loves and the artist. You must cut your heart in two then, and that is never good. Your inner being will be at war, the wife against the actress; one side of your temperament will trample on the other side, and one-half of your nature be utterly destroyed. Shall I tell you which half?"

It would not be fair to tell which side Miss Patterson makes triumph.

KEUKA LAKE SUNFLOWERS.

THE sunflowers of the Lake Keuka region, in Steuben county, New York, are not only remarkable for the enormous spread and richness of their blooms and the great height of the plant stalks, but, if the local record is not at fault, they have a pedigree that entitles them to particular distinction. The first settler at what is now the village of Hammondsport, at the head of Lake Keuka, was Capt. John Sheather, who went thither in 1796. He was a Revolutionary soldier, having been a captain of dragoons, "and had the reputation," according to his biographer, "of being an excellent officer and a favorite of Gen. Washington." He came from Virginia, and brought with him to his New York wilderness home a number of sunflower seeds, which he planted at the head of Crooked Lake (now Keuka), where he cleared the forest away for his farm. "He frequently declared," continues the biographer, "that Washington's favorite flower was the sunflower, and the seeds which Capt. Sheather planted on the shores of the lake came from a sunflower that grew on the estate of the Father of His Country. The sunflowers that grew from the seeds of that distinguished pioneer planting were undoubtedly the first that bloomed in western New York."

To-day, all through the Keuka region of fruits and flowers scions of that illustrious stock hold a proud place. They brighten every garden, and beam from lofty and sturdy stalks on many a green lawn. They burst in glory from amid the verdant acreage of trailing grape vines, high on the slopes that fringe the shores of Lake Keuka, and close to the foliage covered borders of the lake itself they bow their stately, gold crowned heads to the breeze. Summer cottages along the lake, set back against the hills among old oaks and pines and elms, find themselves, as the season grows, almost hidden by the broad leafed growth of this great flower stalk, and the cottagers walk with a sunburst at every turn.

It is the pride of the Lake Keuka citizen to have it recorded in the local prints that he has placed on the editor's table the largest and brightest sunflowers of the season.